

THE FANCIES OF FASHION.

Newest Ideas of the Milliner and the Man-
tuamaker.

BODICES FOR YOUTHFUL WEARERS.

Loves of Hats and Bonnets—Short Silk Pet-
ticoats—House Jackets—Pretty
Floral Decorations, &c.

(Special Correspondence.)

New York, May 23.—Many of the bodices for slender, youthful wearers are sharply pointed and fasten under the arm, or else in the back, folds or passementerie trimmings cover the dart, or the bodice lining alone covers the darts, with the outside laid in close surplice pleats. The sleeves are full, but not so high in effect as in the early spring. Short silk sleeves take the place of velvet ones on the newest gowns, jockey caps, bretelles, epaulettes and full puffs or gathered frills that stand erect on the shoulder are seen on many handsome French gowns.

HATS AND BONNETS.

Shirred hats and bonnets of tulle will be more than ever the fashion next season. Sailor hats, very dainty and chic, are shown made of shirred tulle, with a wide band of white lace or ribbon. The first of the new of wide wifes or milliners' reefs, is placed much nearer the edge of the brim leaving little or no ruffle as is always seen at the edge of tulle or net garden-party and picture hats. This makes the edge stiff and straight like a regular sailor brim.

SILK PETTICOATS.

The short silk petticoats which produce the fashionable frock, as their wearers walk are made with flounced borders four or five in number, or one a half a yard deep, which is rather closely gathered. The lower edge is trimmed with a supplementary frill, three inches wide, which is pinked and made as full as possible. Many of the expensive silk skirts are deeply decorated in shell-shaped folds with a row of lace at the edge of each pleating. French designers have sent over very costly garments made like a low-necked princess dress, demi-trained. This garment is a sort of compromise between a petticoat and a silk corset cover, and being narrowly gored and beautifully shaped, makes an ideal garment to wear beneath a perfectly fitted tailor costume or princess evening toilet, as there are neither bands or gathers about the waist or hips.



HOUSE JACKETS.

Some of the new house-jackets are made like the Louis coats, with a curved seam over the hips, to which are applied gathered flounces of lace which join the waist and seam down the back. The deep turned-down collar is edged with narrow lace, and frills of the same fall over the hand from the wrists of the mutton-leg sleeves. The jacket fits the figure very snugly in the back, and has long sleeves and an under-arm seam.

Fancy parasols are of pale or monochrome de sole dotted with velvet, or of chiffon or shot silk glittering with jeweled cabochons, and of India silk draped with gauze and caught up with very elegant lace flowers worked at the edge in delicate tints. Printed crepe de chine in low-knot floral and dotted designs is made up into very charming gowns for summer weddings, dinners and water parties.

FLORAL DECORATIONS.

Bleets, pink and white morning-glories, ragged sailors and black-headed meadow daisies of brilliant yellow are fastened in low flat bunches on low hats of Neapolitan braid. The plaited hat with a narrow straw or rushes has a tiny border of fine flowers at the edge, and at the back are set up very high long entwined roses and leaves of red and blue pinks with narrow ribbons to match run in and out the plaits. Leghorn hats are crinkled and bent into very odd shapes and trimmed with plaited chiffon frills, velvet lace and snowy plumes. Pretty eury lace braid hats are piped underside with black or brown velvet and trimmed with cream lace, velvet loops and pink roses or blue nymphs.

A FEW HOME HINTS.

The Rearing of Children—How to Make Home Happy.

A great deal is being said about the growing aversion on the part of married women to "baby-tending," as they contemptuously term the careful watching of their own offspring. It is a wonder to me that women do not realize the marvelous power of motherhood. It takes a smarter woman to be a mother than anything else in the world. All most any young woman can learn to ride, dance and sing well; receive gracefully, speak a foreign language or two, and perform the little amenities of social life, but it takes a woman of strong character, firmness and pluck to put aside dissipation, take a little chubby-faced son into her life, and make of him "a man among men." Are you willing, young mother, that your boy should grow up to be a common-lawyer, slung of tongue, rude of manner, superficial in education, and (so surely as you neglect him) loose in morals? Will you, for the sake of a good time, let that boy drift into mediocre mediocrity, taking subordinate places in business, and allowing stronger men to do his thinking for him? In after years, when "society" shall plait upon your tail, will you not be stung with the feeling that your life has been a sort of failure? Suppose you resolutely give up your own self, and study that boy, watch him vigilantly from the cradle, develop and encourage the good, repress the bad; read, frolic and study with him; be his most intimate companion, and if he inherits no vicious tendencies, you may make of him what you will. Have you accomplished this? Put on your hat and go out. What a man among men! Perhaps you are literary? Then what wonderful stories you can write for your boy's entertainment, weaving in "between the lines" sweet lessons of truthfulness and chastity, which will stay with him through life. Do you cook well? Put on your prettiest dinner dress, give frequent evening "recitals" in the warm, cheery parlor, and see if husband and the boy are not the most admiring audience that ever a woman loved to do. Are you musical? If so, you are lucky. Save your pin money for new music, keep up your own piano practice, buy a violin and corset the best cost, and with one swell reception would and then go to work with your friends orchestra, litter your table with good periodicals and newspapers, and find time to read them. Do you know what will then happen? Your home will be the jolliest, brightest place in the city. Husband and the boy will rather stay here than to go anywhere else in the world. Your husband's best friend and your own will drop in with surprising frequency, finding your simple hospitality more charming than the swell reception. Your boy's less fortunate companions will be charmed into the sweet home

circle, and if you are ambitious in the role of doing good, you may reach out the loving tendrils of your womanly heart and wrap them around these chilled, warped lads, warming them to better impulses and nobler action.

You need not be surprised when your boy comes home to you wearing the school medal for oratory, with the badge of scholarship of teachers resting upon his fair head; and when at last he takes his place in the busy ranks of the world, you need not be surprised that his touch is strength; that he is powerful, and his honor incorruptible. How you not worked and waited for it? How man will be your reward when this big, strong man turns to you with a world of reverence in his eyes, and says: "Dear mother, all that I am, or ever expect to be, I owe to you." Talk about woman's avocation! Can you find anything bigger than this? But you ask, "Am I to do all this in my own strength?" Indeed, no! But you can stretch up your timid hands to heaven, and our God will touch them with the finger of his spirit, and make them strong as iron bands, and convert the weakest little woman into a spiritual Samson. Next, to infinity itself, the possibilities of Christian motherhood are limitless and grand in their scope.—Mrs. Jack in Atlanta Constitution.

A LOVELY EGYPTIAN BRIDE.

Almond-Eyed, Rosy-Cheeked, Graceful and Supple.

It was in the Barrage, the famous bridge or double weir, the eastern part spanning the Damietta and the western the Rosetta branch of the Nile. It was there that the late Khedive built a lovely palace and still more lovely garden, which he perhaps graced with his presence, and our God will touch them with the finger of his spirit, and make them strong as iron bands, and convert the weakest little woman into a spiritual Samson. Next, to infinity itself, the possibilities of Christian motherhood are limitless and grand in their scope.—Mrs. Jack in Atlanta Constitution.

It was from the balcony of his house, a part of the old palace, looking out on the beautiful, blooming country, the green fields, the lovely, mysterious river, that we saw a cavalcade approaching, and heard the sound of the lute and pipe. "It is a fantasia," exclaimed our host; a fantasia meaning any fete or festa. Down the long white road they came, a procession of horsemen on white Arabian steeds, the last man dressed in hand-made, some raiment and bearing himself with the proud air of one upon whom all eyes are fixed. Next to him strode a groomed and caparisoned camel with a rich blanket and an embroidered saddle, and after this another camel with even more ornate trappings, which bore a rich palanquin, curtained on every side with gold and crimson hangings. Within sat the bride. Following the bride were three other camels, on which were seated veiled women, and then came a train carrying household furniture, bedding, stuffs, chests, pots and pans and all the various appurtenances essential to housekeeping in an Oriental country.

It was the bride's coming to the husband's house the last day of the wedding and the conclusion of the seven days' feasting. In a few hours he would for the first time lift the veil and see whether indeed what his mother has told him is true; whether she is indeed eyed and rosy-cheeked and supple of limb and graceful of form; whether she has a voice like the cooing of a dove and is learned in the making of bread and dakkah, for not one plume of her face, not one word from her lips, has ever been vented upon the air. Do these brilliant curtains shroud loveliness or deformity? Has the mother been won over by the pile of stuffs and the ear-rings and bracelets to fancy beauty where there are only riches? It has happened so in other lands.

But the bride—have I no pitying words for the bride, who is also supposed to be ignorant of the lineaments of her husband? The bride is a woman. There are windows, though lattice windows, in the house in the village over the plain, and the brown eyes were never darkened when veiled and shrouded. She went to the mosque or well. We may be sure the bride has seen him a many a day and oft, and loved or hated him after the fashion of women who, heaven be praised, do not need a century of contemplation to make up their minds whether they like a thing or not.—Hartford Courant.

MEDICAL SCIENCE.

What Are the Electricians Doing For It? A Great Deal, According to the Showing.

What are the electricians doing for medical science? That is a question all the doctors who have come to Washington for the May meetings seem deeply interested about. In the array of new medicines and new appliances nothing attracts so much attention as the electrical devices, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. There are little electric lights which can be shined down the throat; the physician's pressure of the thumb throws a flood of light. Or if the surgeon desires to work with both hands, there is a chin attachment by which the light can be fastened to the patient and kept burning. The little surgical lamps are carried in the hand, and keep the light going right into the wound. Some of the doctors who have half swallowed the bulb and turned on the light say that the electric light leaves a sharp, smart taste. But the obliging young man who inserts the light in his throat every time a doctor wants to see how it works says he doesn't taste anything.

The electro metal extractors are even more interesting than the bulbs by which the inner anatomy may be so beautifully illuminated. A slender probe, long enough to go more than half through the body, has a small electrical attachment so charged that the instant a bit of metal is touched "the buzzer" goes off like a small fire-alarm. The metal may be iron, steel, lead, silver or gold. Contact with it starts the buzzer. The probes are both rigid and flexible. The flexible may be bent in a knot. By them the exact location of any metallic substance is instantly detected. Then for the extraction there is a pair of slender forceps, also electrical. The forceps is inserted and the moment the jaws close on the metal, the buzzer goes off, and the electric current kills the metal. The buzzer announces the fact. Substances as small as bits of iron filings may be located and taken out of a deep wound. A professional man, after looking over the curious implements, remarked: "With such tools anybody can be a surgeon."

Of course, the variety of batteries for applying the currents of electricity to patients is almost endless. There are little batteries put up in neat morocco cases for the doctor to take in his hand as he takes the rounds. There are great stationary generators, which require a room or corner of an office. There are also to hold circles which come down near the head and raise the hair like a small cyclone, and long pointers by which the current may be touched to a nerve or to any affected spot, making the sparks fly.

The doctors generally look rather critically at the use of the electric current in practice. They say that its merits have yet to be determined by experiments. The practitioner can not prescribe electricity, as he does other treatment, on general principles. He must feel his way with each individual patient in a course of electricity.

Standing among the electrical devices an old doctor, with nearly half a century of experience, told of the use he had recently made of electricity in a case of sciatic rheumatism. He did not apply the current to cure the rheumatism, but for a very different purpose. The current was so applied that it would not reach the patient's leg. That was the part affected. All previous treatment had failed to give relief. As the current coursed along, it created no unpleasant sensation save in one particular spot, where it burned so that the patient screamed out. The spot the doctor guessed was the seat of all the trouble. He applied a fly-blower directly over the spot. Of course the skin came off. The doctor put on another blister. The result, quickly, was a deep sore which discharged freely for a few days. There was immediate relief from the rheumatism. The sore rapidly healed. The patient left his bed and walked. No other attack has occurred.

"You see," said the doctor, "the trouble was that the sheath of the nerve had become attached to the nerve, and there was an impediment of the nerve circulation, and consequent rheumatism of the whole limb. The electric current ran along the nerve and it struck the spot where the sheath was attached. There it burned. The blistering started the sore and relieved the interference of the sheath with the nerve. Then the whole trouble was removed."—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

HICKOK'S NO. 1, H. D. C. FIG. AND CAROLINE SUN-CURED PURE, CLEAN AND CHOICE SUN-CURED TOBACCOS. TRY THEM.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

Account of Some of the Funny Capers of a Very Funny Pet Crow.

GREATNESS OF ZENO'S CURIOSITY.

How He Bit the Newfoundland Dog and Tweeked the Legs of the Little Negroes.

Notes of Interest.

Among all the tribe of pets I have never seen one that compared in originality and quaintness with a certain crow that was a member of an old North Carolina family for more years than any one cared to remember. A merry trio of children grew up with him and made a pet and plaything of him until they were old enough to lay playthings aside, and when they had children of their own this new generation rolled and tumbled with him about the lawn, or went hunting or walking with him promenading along at their heels.

Zeno was on good terms with all the family, but he made no secret of his preference for the young people, and if any of the children wanted to go on an expedition and leave him behind he generally had to be locked up in the closet. Poor Zeno! How he did cry and shriek "murder" on such occasions, until his captors were glad enough to open the door and let him go.

The family had always been very anxious for Zeno to learn to talk, and they spent a great deal of time in repeating expressions that they wished to teach him. He did, indeed, learn to say a good many things, but I am sorry to say that none of them were the things they had tried to teach him. He listened, indeed, with his head on one side and the air of a critic, while Lucille sang to him, or Bob whistled, or Howard talked, but in the first place he remarked with an air of jocular surprise: "Bless us and save us!" And the second part of it was that no one knew where he had learned that.

He was very quick, however, in picking up expressions that tickled his fancy. One day while Bob was dressing in a great hurry, his collar button fell and rolled away under the bed. Zeno, as such things will, and Bob exclaimed impatiently: "Hang that button!" After that, whenever anything disturbed him, he exclaimed, "Hang that button!" as glibly as though he had been trained on it from his youth up.

Long afterwards he was poking curiously about a bonfire in the yard, where one of the servants was burning some trash, and he stepped upon a coal. Away he went back to the house, shrieking, cawing and ejaculating: "Hang that button! Oh, hang that button." Until he found the mother of the family, to whom he always went for comfort in his afflictions.

There never was anything to equal Zeno's curiosity. The presence of any new thing about the premises drove him wild, until he could properly investigate it and satisfy himself about it. When a baby was born in the family some one said that he had been introduced Zeno to it gradually. He perched up on the side of the cradle, peered curiously at the little head and face, turned the little tiny feet over with his inquisitive bill and exclaimed in an awe-struck undertone: "Bless us and save us!" A moment afterwards the baby waked and began to cry, when Zeno flew to the back of a chair in great alarm and sat there screaming: "Hang that button!" until the crying had ceased. I have no doubt that he thought he was helping the baby express itself under trying circumstances.

One day while the workmen were making a hot-bed in the garden Zeno stood around looking very much like a reflective old gentleman with his hands under his coat-tails, and he listened to every detail of the work. Whenever a spadeful of earth was turned up he examined it carefully with his head to one side, and then he looked anxiously into the hole from which it had been taken, and made remarks to himself in a low tone.

He superintended the business until it was finished, and the workmen had packed up their tools and gone away, and then he went quietly to work taking the hot-bed to pieces. He had torn one out and was busily engaged with a sash when he was discovered, and I am afraid that he never understood why he was shut up in the wood-house all through one long, lonely day.

A merry, humorous little soul was Zeno. He never laughed aloud, but one could almost fancy that, like Tennyson's miller, he had a slow, wide smile, that round about his dimpled cheeks he drew.

All day long, when he was not playing off an old joke on some unsuspecting victim, he was studying up a new one, and no doubt was chuckling to himself. He would walk about the yard with that thoughtful look, and his hands under his coat-tails, until old Jap, the gardener, would find him, and he would have no evil designs, and would drop peacefully off to sleep. Then Zeno would approach on tiptoe and bite Jap's nose, until he howled, after which he stood on the fence and looked away down the road until the stars had subsided.

He would follow the little negroes about for hours at a time, merely for a chance to catch them at some ungarded moment and tweek their bare legs unmercifully. The old black mammy hated him with all her heart, and was always watching him, but her corpulent, fat ankles were seldom without some mark of his attentions.

When "Miss Sallie" laid down her sewing for a minute, and left the room, she was sure to find scissors or thimble gone when she returned. It was a very curious thing, and she captured Zeno in the act of carrying the missing article to some safe hiding place where he was making a storehouse. Sometimes she carefully hid the thimble under the folds of her work, and then Zeno would lift the garment, with his bill, and peer about until he found what he wanted.

When too many things were missing a private detective would be employed to watch Zeno, and if the detective was very shrewd he would generally find a hole under the steps, or in the corner of the chimney, or even by the garden wall, from which thimbles, slate pencils, hair pins, buttons, baby's stockings, nails, articles of jewelry, anything and everything would be unearthed.

One of Zeno's chief pleasures was to stand around the blacksmith-shop and watch Chris, the blacksmith, about his work. There was motion that Chris made was watched as eagerly as though Zeno intended to begin blacksmithing himself, and every nail that he dropped was pounced upon and carried off. Chris had been warning Zeno for some time that "his eye" was "stopped," and at last, during Zeno's temporary absence, he heated a nail until it was at least uncomfortably warm, and when Zeno came back with that funny little mining walk of his the nail was innocently dropped down before him. He seized it, dropped it, and went flying and running to "Miss Sallie," screaming: "Oh, murder! Bless us and save us! Hang that button!"

Miss Sallie took him in her arms and soothed him, as she could for laughing, but Zeno could never be persuaded to touch a nail again.—Dallas Houston in Philadelphia Times.

Uncle Sam's Library.

Certain prize puzzles that the Eight O'clock has made it necessary that its members should become familiar with some large public library, yet few of them, perhaps, have ever seen the big book-cases in Uncle Sam's study. Our National Library is a huge triple room in the west front of the Capitol building, and holds more than six hundred thousand volumes on its capacious shelves.

Imagine an immense chamber along each side of which run large alcoves of iron work. Within these alcoves, which are large enough to contain two people, are four walls of books. Above these small chambers are iron galleries, and hold more than the other until the roof is reached. And each one is loaded down with thousands upon thousands of volumes.

Every available space is occupied by dusty tomes, yet in this seeming confusion there is a admirable order. The location of every book is kept and a visitor, asking for a certain author, is kept waiting only a few moments.

Children under sixteen are not allowed in the library, yet part of it is devoted solely to children's literature and fairy tales.

Many are the quaint and curious books preserved on these shelves. One can see the Bibles of all nations—the Zend-vesta—the Koran side by side with the text book of the Mormons and the Scriptures of the Christians. Then there are volumes in the quaint old English type, books published three or four hundred years ago; Pilgrim's Progress in Chinese; huge dictionaries, an

old Bible, printed in the sixteenth century, and the first newspaper that ever appeared.

The largest book in existence is in this library, a huge volume nearly two yards long and containing life-size colored illustrations of birds of all nations. This book is called "The Audubon Book on Birds." It is worth a fabulous sum. Audubon, Eight O'clocks remember, is the man for whom is named the society for the prevention of cruelty to birds. His aim is to do away with the useless slaughter of birds for millinery purposes.

Many are the cranks that visit this great library. Some come day after day to search out some pet hobby, and never weary of their useless efforts. One old lady is said to haunt the place and search volume after volume to discover something some herself which she imagines to have been written. She declares her intention of destroying the page as soon as found. Another crank is reading all the Bibles and from them compiling one of his own. He will probably end in the lunatic asylum of the poorhouse.

Hypnotism is a subject that is much investigated and palmarist comes next. There is no subject upon which some book cannot be found. Science, art, medicine, law, literature, poetry, religion—everything known to the human mind that has been written upon by the human pen, can here be had.

Very soon a new building, capable of holding several millions volumes, will be the home of our National Library, and Eight O'clocks that visit the Capitol should not fail to go through this building, which will be their nation's glory.—Philadelphia Times.

Royalty at Table.

There is no table in the whole world that is served so daintily or artistically as that of the Austrian court. The damask is so fine that it looks like velvet, and for lunch or afternoon tea is replaced by heavy white silk cloths and napkins, edged with Point de Venise and adorned with the imperial crest in raised gold embroidery. The vases are prepared so prettily that it seems almost a pity to break a vase and eat them, and the plates themselves are might find on the tempting pieces mounted prepared by the artist that presides over the imperial kitchens.

Particularly I remember a dinner given in honor of the King and Queen of Italy at the Hofburg in Vienna some years ago, the culminating point of luxury combined with the most refined and exquisite taste. The table-cloth was strewn with forced violets, nestling so close to one another that they formed a perfect bank of fragrant blossoms, leaving only room for the plates of semi-transparent Sevres of the Famille Rose, each of which was surmounted with a thick garland of marguerites. Marguerite being the Christian name of the Queen of Italy, her little namesake had been used with great propriety in the decoration of the festive board. Before the plate of each lady a slender, tulip-shaped vase of Venetian glass mounted in finely wrought gold contained a bouquet of marguerites and violets, powdered with diamond dust. The names were engraved on thin sheets of hammered silver, with the Austrian eagle embossed on the corner. Everything was served on gold dishes, and the dessert plates were a marvel of beauty worthy of Benvenuto-Cellini.

When the sorbets were placed before the distinguished guests a faint murmur of admiration was audible, for even the blase eyes of the people satiated with every form of luxury were charmed with the little double-headed eagles made of delicately spun sugar perched on a pale-pink glass ball containing a tiny electric light. On the back of each diminutive bird was a large dial, also made of spun sugar, wherein the sorbets were served, and the gold plates on which the whole rested were garlanded with Parma violets.

The dinner was really what one may describe without exaggeration as being the apotheosis of gastronomy. The dining hall, scented with dreamy incenses, and lighted with mellow wax candles, the soft brilliancy of which would have entranced even Lucullus if he had been thrown there on his ivory chair, was a sight to be remembered.—The American Analyst.

Oriental Street Scenes.

Everybody has heard about the dogs and donkeys of Oriental cities, how the dogs roam about without owners and how the donkeys bear patiently their many burdens and get but scant thanks in return. But all Eastern streets abound in novel and fascinating sights—bright gowns, tiny shops, veiled women wearing wooden sandals, gaunt camels swaying along with rude bells tinkling. From the first the energetic peddlers are conspicuous.

If the traveler approaches the Levant by way of Constantinople he plunges at once into their favorite haunts. The first night in this great, historic city will not be forgotten, for the howling of the hungry street dogs is loudly stirred before the first dawn. They bring out a multitude of these noisy vendors, and then sleep is out of the question. One would think they were trying to arouse the people in the next street to have them all ready for making purchases. Some are shouting and some are crying, and all advertising the excellence of the good things that they have in the high baskets on their backs or on diminutive mouse-colored donkeys. We look down from the hotel window and watch them as they pass along or stop for loitering. There are a few carrying water pails, reys (peaches) and a confusion of fresh produce, evidently just in from the gardens along the Bosphorus, or those bordering the Sweet Waters beyond the Golden Horn.

In all these towns along the Asia Minor coast these scenes are repeated, with a difference, a trifle less noisy. At Smyrna in early autumn the minas swarm with sellers of the luscious sugar-melons, and a little earlier all the ports of the Greek Archipelago echo with "Sweet, fresh figs!"—St. Nicholas.

Earthquakes.

Great interest is taken by thoughtful persons in the recent earthquake in Quebec and the slight shocks felt in our seaboard States during the last few years. Some scientists who have made an especial study of seismic disturbances assume that there is an intimate relationship between volcanoes and earthquakes, and that there is no great danger from the earth tremors where there is no volcanic formation. To substantiate this theory they point to the fact, which cannot be questioned, that the majority of earthquakes occur in volcanic districts.

But there is no volcanic formation along the Atlantic seaboard. The most destructive earthquake in many years was the one that created such havoc in Charleston, Quebec is far away from any volcanic indications, and so are the districts in which slight shocks are so frequent in the Eastern States. The theory alluded to, therefore, is certainly very far from conclusive. Volcanoes apparently serve a purpose akin to that of the lid or the spout of a teakettle—to let steam or gases escape. In the earth's solidifying process within certain gases are generated, which find vent through volcanoes.

The most plausible theory to account for earthquakes, and the only one that apparently explains the shocks in the Atlantic States, is the shrinkage of the earth's crust on the interior side in the cooling process, and the sudden displacement of vast masses of hardened matter. This would account for the recent quake in Quebec and elsewhere along the St. Lawrence river, where the surface formation is almost a mass of solid rock. And if this theory be correct there is possibility of a shock anywhere at any time.

There is no reason, however, why anybody should be fearful of consequences resulting from earthquake. Some disastrous shocks have certainly occurred, but they rarely amount to anything more than a passing sensation and a topic for conversation. The danger really lies chiefly in the structures that are shaken by the earth's convulsion. The old idea that vast fissures were opened in the earth by these quakes had very little foundation. In a few instances small seams have appeared in the surface, but the great destruction was ever caused by people's tumbling into them.

But how much of an earthquake do you suppose it would take to topple over some of the splendid buildings that have lately become the fashion in our large cities? A few years ago a very pronounced earthquake shock was felt in New York city and for some distance along the coast. At the time the writer was sitting on the piazza of a hotel at Long Branch. There was a sudden rumbling and shaking of the building, conveying the impression that a heavy baggage truck was being drawn rapidly along the piazza.

If New York's sky-scrapers had been in existence then it is a question whether there might not have been a sudden fall in the brick market. A very slight vibration at the ground would be terrific at the fourteenth story of a building.—Philadelphia Times.

HICKOK'S NO. 1, H. D. C. FIG. AND CAROLINE SUN-CURED PURE, CLEAN AND CHOICE SUN-CURED TOBACCOS. TRY THEM.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

CLOTHING.

WORTH WHILE LOOKING!

What a bumb-shell we've thrown into the camp of high prices! Notice, if you please, the bundles moving from our store. Needn't get a great lawyer to show cause why we shouldn't sell the BEST and CHEAPEST CLOTHING, for the public has been acting as its judge and jury, and has sealed its verdict by declaring unanimously that BURK'S CLOTHING excels all others for LOW PRICES, GOOD MAKE and RELIABILITY.

We see you wonder how we sell those PANTS at 93c. and those SUITS in Men's sizes at \$4.25. The price seems low, and 'tis low, but that's the Biggest Drawing Card we've got--LOW PRICES.

Haven't you noticed in passing by the crowds in our store? Our \$7, \$7.50, \$8 and \$9 SUITS are doing the great work. Not worth dilly-dallying over them. They'll sell themselves. We have them in various patterns. Take your choice.

Don't forget to take a glance at our \$10 and \$12 SUITS. They're WONDERFUL VALU--FORM FITTERS, STYLISHLY MADE and BEAUTIFULLY TRIMMED. Can't stumble on these kind of SUITS every day or everywhere for the money. Bear it in mind.

It's WORTH WHILE LOOKING over our line, whether you are directly interested or not. If you are not now you will be sometime. Need we care whether you buy a SUIT from our \$4.25 or \$30 grades? We keep them both, and stacks after stacks of intermediate qualities and prices. There's no telling what you'd do until you see our prices and our assortment. Lots of nice CLOTHES for the LITTLE FOLKS at very little prices always.

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BASE-BALL OUTFIT with CHILD'S SUIT.

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